

The Tragicke

thou hast call'd me all these bitter names.

*Qu. Mar.* Why so I did, but look for no reply:  
O let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.  
Thus haue you breath'd your curse against your selfe!

*Qu. Ma.* Poore palaced Queene, vaine flourish of my fortune,  
Why strewst thou iugar one that botled spider,

Whose deadly web hath catch'd thee about?  
Foole foole thou wher'st a knife to kill thy selfe,

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,  
To helpe thee curle that poisoned bunch backe toade,

*Hast.* False botling woman, end thy frantick curle,  
Least to thy shame thou moue our patiente.

*Qu. M.* Foole, I haue vpon you, you haue all my duty  
*Ri.* Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

*Qu. Ma.* To serue me well, you should doe me duty,  
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my subjects:

Obserue me well and teach your selues that dutie.  
*Dorf.* Dispute not with her she is lunatique.

*Qu. Ma.* Peace master Marquesse, you are malapert,  
Your fire-new pompe of honour is scarce currant:

O that your young nobility could iudge,  
What 't were to loose it and be miserable?

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,  
And if they fall they dash them to peeces.

*Glo.* Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marquesse,  
*Dorf.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the waide, and scornes the suttie,  
*Qu. Ma.* And turnes the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,

Witness my sunne now in the shade of death,  
Whose bright ouershining beames, thy cloudy wrath,

Hath in eternall darkenesse soalded vp:  
Your aery buildeth in our aceries neast.

O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:  
As it was won with blood, lost be it so.

*Buck.* Haue done for shame, if not for charity.  
*Qu. M.* Vrgen neither charity nor shame to me,

of Richard the Third.

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,

My charity is outrage, like my shame,  
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage.

*Buck.* Haue done.  
*Q. Mar.* O princely *Buckingham*, I will kisse thy hand,

In signe of league and amity with thee:  
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely house,

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor none heere for curses neuer passe  
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.

*Qu. Mar.* Ile not beleue but they assend the skie,  
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.

O *Buckingham* beware of yonder dog,  
Looke when he faunes he bites, and when he bites,

His verome tooth will rangle thee to death,  
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him.

Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him.  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say my Lord of *Buckingham*?  
*Buck.* Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

*Qu. Mar.* What doest thou scorne me for my gentle coun-  
And sooth the truth that I warne thee from? (sell,

O but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say poore *Margret* was a Prophetesse:  
Lue each of you, the subiect of his hate,

And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*  
*Hast.* My haire doth stand an end to heere her curses.

*Ri.* And so doth mine, I wonder shes at liberty?  
*Glo.* I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent  
My part thereof that I haue done.

*Hast.* I neuer did fier any to my knowledge.  
*Glo.* But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,

I was too hot to doe some body good,  
That is to cold in thinking one it now:

Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repayd,

